

8TH FIGHTER-BOMBER WING

FIRST UNITED NATIONS AIR FORCE UNIT TO FIGHT IN KOREAN WAR



8 TH FIGHTER- BOMBER GROUP

SONGS of the

8TH FIGHTERS



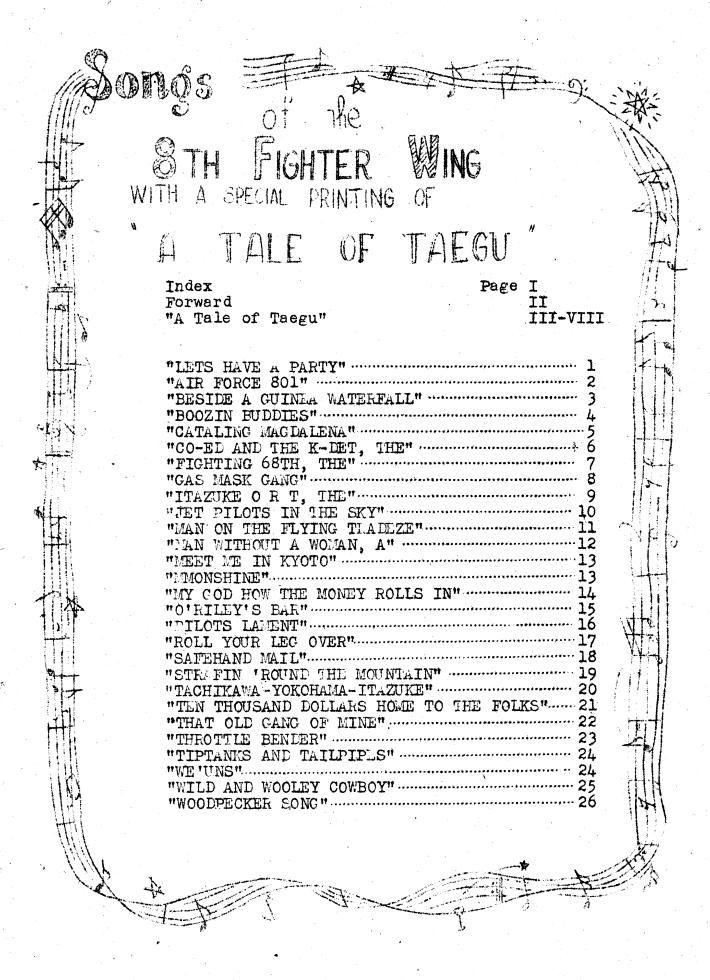
THE HEADHUNTERS 80 TH



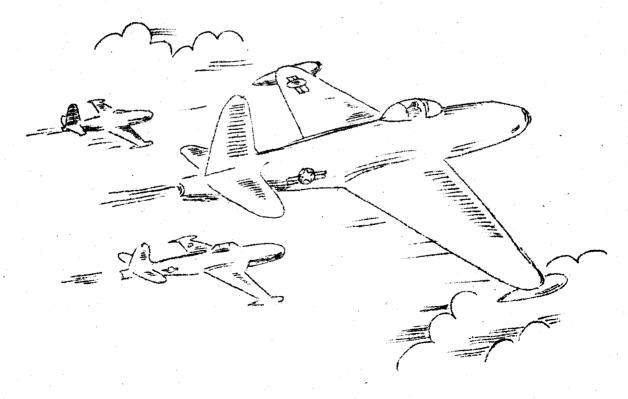
THE PANTHERS
35TH
THIRD PRINTING



THE FLYING FIENDS 36TH



This book contains the songs of the 8th Fighters. Composed by pilots and airmen, they represent a portion of the spirit that enabled the 8th to sweep the air clear of enemy aircraft in the first ten days of fighting. It is this spirit that carried the 8th through the days when Taegu was within range of enemy artillery on the perimeter. Throughout the fighting in Korea the elan of the 8th has been reflected in the superior operations conducted. These songs are truly representative of the lighter spirits of the first United Nations unit to fight in Korea. They have come down to us through the years. May they continue to bring fine memories and may they spark greater accomplishments and closer companionships in the future.





And in the years of the reign of the Emperor Harry, it came to pass that the chosen people found themselves in the valley of Taegu. Came there people from a place called Taejon and speke they thus to the newcomers - Behold, the enemy cometh upon us even as they have in the North and filleth us with bullets, and smiteth us with divers munitions, and such of us as he catcheth, he visiteth passing great atrocities upon. Therefor heed ye, and listen for the sound of the panic button, and prepare ye to flee to the place which is called Pusan, for even though the waters open not, then shall ye hitchhike with the Navy. And so speaking, they brake such weapons as proved unserviceable, and prepared themselves to quit the valley.

But the newcomers made as if they heard them not, and spake of great deeds of arms, and of many of the enemy to be slain, though in secret their knees trembled and they were some afraid. In the fullness of time, the radio spake of the approach of the enemy, and a voice spake of the approach of the glorious people's army to liberate the fatherland, and thus did it proclaim to all the land-thy time cometh, oh imperialist oppressors of the people. So, the newcomers spake each unto the other, saying - wherefore this business of imperialist, thou old oppressor, thou? And his neighbor spake - Verily, I understand not this talk of imperialism, for I desire only to return to Truman's Island, and to retire, wherefore I came unto the Service.

Then the enemy drew yet closer, and the thunder of their wrath was heard in the hills, and many there were who climbed aboard chariots of the air and left the valley. Then came unto the valley one who was called the C.O., and he spake thusly Verily I say unto yeu- we shall stay here while yet the iron birds fly, and we shall heap napalm and leaden hail upon the heads of the enemy, and their arms shall not prevail against us. Wherefore, heed ye and labor ye mightly upon the

line, for know ye that I shall chew upon the posterior of each of the lowliest light each day, else the enemy prevail against us.

Then came he of the corn cob pipe and the iron bird named for a peninsula in the far-away southern islands, and strode out and thus did he speak to the multi-tude - be ye of good cheer, for I shall stay. Then returned he forthwith to the nine and fortieth state, which is called Nippon whereof he is governor.

Then, in due seriousness, the multitude labored upon the line, loaded they aircraft, and shouted they over the radio and hauled they fuel, for the number of the enemy was as the leaves of the trees, and the hour of reckoning approacheth.

Wherefore went he who was called C.O. unto the tent of him who was called Armament and spake he thusly - wherefore liest thou upon thy posterior in thy sack when even now the faithful labor upon the line? Laggards there are in thy section, players of cards, writers of letters to their wives, shooters of craps, yea, even drinkers of Budweiser there are: Wherefore laborest thou not upon the line and do likewise, and labor mightily, lest I chew again upon thy posterior, until it becometh even as the sieve, which holdeth not. So speaking, he who was called the C.O. departed in the fullness of his wrath, and he who was called Armament arose, and cursed, and brake wind, and scratched himself, and went forth to labor at the line. Then chewed he mightily upon the posterior of the faithful, saying - wherefore labor you not upon the line when they brethern work their posteriors off? Wherefore shoot ye craps and drink ye even Budweiser, wherefore the Old Man Cheweth again upon my posterior, which is passing tender lately? So spake he and they labored mightily.

And in the fullness of time the enemy came yet closer, and there was a pillar of fire by night and a cloud of smoke by day, and each of the newcomers thought unto himself - This time they snow us not, as they did when the smoke off locomotives was said to be the enemy, for we can see the flash of the rockets and the smoke of the bombs which even lately we have loaded. Verily, the enemy is upon us, and if we are taken we shall be castrated. So they thought, but they spake mightily of

deeds of valor and of many of the enemy to be slain, speaking each unto the other. Yet each in his turn went unto his tent and checked with loving care, his carbine, and his ammunition wherefore, and his pack with three days of C-rations, and his extra socks, and his map to Pusan. An those there were among them who returned to their tents to change their drawers, for the thunder in the hills was pressing close,

And in the fullness of their need for tools, the chosen ones went unto him who was called Supply, and called upon him, and he spake, saying - Verily, brethren do I know they wants, but some son of Belial hath either evacuated the Class 17 Stock Lists or brought them not, wherefore, when I call on FEAMCOM without the stock number they send me divers strange implements, and he showeth them cowling wrenches for the P-12, and harmonization tools for the A-17, and offered them WAC shoes, and sent them on their way.

Even in greater numbers came the riders of the great iron birds and left them to be reloaded while they strode to the tent of him who was called Intelligence, and spake to him of great deeds of arms and of weeping and wailing in the camp of the enemy. Mherefore, he who was called Intelligence caused it all to be written down, and caused it to be classified Secret, and turned the crank and shouted unto the direct line to Joc but the telephone availed not.

Then he who was called Operations strode to the line and spake thusly — Wherefore foul ye up? Wherefore load ye not more and yet more aircraft? In the fullness of his wrath, the Old Man shall descend upon me and I shall be cast into outer darkness. Even generals are come to the line in chariots of blue and black to ask me questions. Wherefore can I answer those questions if ye load not aircraft? Therefore labor ye well, else I turn ye in. Wherefore the chosen ones went forth again and labored mightily upon the iron birds, saying each unto the other — Verily, this man speaketh not with a forked tongue, for lest we labor well, we shall be smitten by the enemy. And they called upon him who was called

Ordnance, he of the foul cigar and purple cap, for more rockets of silver, and fat bombs, and shining ammunition. And he who was called Ordnance called upon FEAMCOM, saying - wherefore keepest thou me here if thou sendest not munitions?

And on the days when there was no inventory, the chosen ones went forth to the PX, and saw there many of those who are called Beetle Crushers, and spake unto them, saying - Wherefore lengthenest thou our PX line, and what goeth with the war? And the warriors spake unto them, telling of the iron birds and of mighty feats of arms, and spake of seventy, yea even of one hundred and seventy groups, and of unification and diverse other subjects. Wherefore, the chosen ones spake each unto the other, saying - Verily, these people show us not, for it is passing tough up on the line. And each went in his turn unto his tent and annointed his carbine with oil, and checked his escape kit.

And in the fullness of time it came to pass that three stricken iron birds were made ready to fly again. And he who was called Base Operations spake unto him who was called Operations, saying - Wherefore fly we not together with the A-3 these aircraft? Wherefore get we not in a few sorties ourselves? And are they left the valley, there came unto the Operations tent, three new comers, whose loins were girded with parachutes, and other personal equipment and spake thusly. Wherefore take these people our aircraft? Whomsoever do they think themselves to be? Verily, I shall call upon Base Operations and cause them to fly not.

Yew when they called upon Base Operations, it availed them not, for the fear of the wrath of the Base Operations Officer was before him who answered the telephone and he spake with a forked tongue, telling them that the radio availed him not.

So, the Operation was carried forth, and great was the weeping and wailing in the camp of the enemy, for many of their war chariots ran not, and many were the war stories therefrom.

And many times there came unto the valley, iron birds whose surfaces shown even as silver in the sunlight, and whose weapons were kept like watches. And among their riders, there were flight leaders who spake hopefully of promotions

to bloody corporal, for these men used this word in their speech where ordinary men use commas. And they spake to the chosen ones of their southern country, and told stories and sang songs which were passing dirty. Bottles of Australian whiskey they brought, and great was the rejoicing therefor. And great was the anguish in the camp of the enemy, for as pilots these men were passing hot, even as their whiskey.

Even yet on some days the face of the sun was hidden, and the hosts of the beetle crushers fought by themselves. And on these days the chosen ones went unto the weather men, and spake, saying — What of the weather, oh learned ones? If the face of the sun remaineth hidden, then our aircraft shall fly not, and the enemy shall overcome us. And the weather men answered not, but went unto their tents and packed.

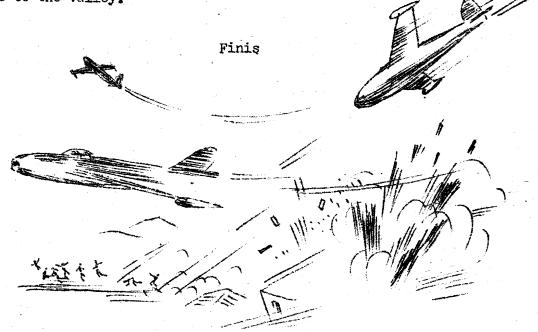
And fire and brimstone and napalm was heaped upon the enemy, and the hail of rockets and cal. 50 fell upon his head, and such of the enemy as remained returned to the North. And the voice of the radio was stilled, and spake no more of imperialists, and of liberations, and of the glorious People's Army. And they who were called beetle crushers lengthened not the PX lines, for they too had gone into the North.

And new aircraft came to the valley, and the chosen ones watched their ascension and spake to the new ones of mighty deeds of arms and of the days when the thunder of the enemy was even greater than the thunder of the new aircraft.

Thus, in the fullness of time, peace came to the valley, and he who was called C.O. sent his staff forth on their appointed rounds, and caused them to be shown the places in which great deeds had been done, and told them war stories, whereof they listened with interest and with expression of astonishment, as was fitting. And there were those among the chosen ones who received R and R, and there were those among them who returned to Nippon and embraced their wives, and beat upon the posteriors of their children. And there were those among their

wives who spake unto them, saying - Wherefore comest thou not home as often as they neighbor, who has had seventeen R & R's during this "police action?" Verily, thou lovest me not.

And there came unto the valley, squadron commanders who checked their VD reports, beating their breasts and saying - Woe is me, for the Character Guidance Program availeth not. And they caused their men to place hats upon their heads, and to salute as is fitting and proper. And the chosen ones spake each unto the other saying - Verily, this is chicken! This place groweth more Statoside each day. And they placed hats upon their heads, and went forth to salute, as is fitting and proper. And there was building of organization charts and talk of "ground safety" and of "I & E Programs, and much greasing of vehicles there was also. And inspectors also there came, each with the waxing and waning of the moon, for the thought of their tax exemptions was heavy upon them, and he who was called C.O. rejoiced to see them, for then he knew that peace had at last come to the valley.



LET'S HAVE A PARTY

Let's have a party, let's have some fun

Let's have a party, the 8th Fighter Group is here tonight

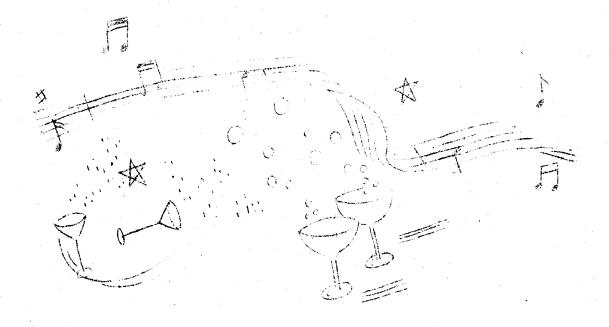
Break left, break right, streamers off the wing

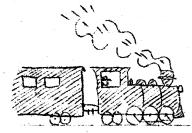
Snap dragons, sweet rolls, we do every thing

We are the joy boys from Itazuke

Hello, hello, hello, helloococooh.

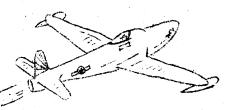
Radar & Hammerhead





AIR FORCE "801"

(Wabash Cannon Ball



Listen to the rumble, oh hear old Marlin roar I'm flying over Moji, like I never flew before Hear the mighty rush of the slipstream And hear old Merlin moan I'll wait a bit and say a prayer, and hope it gets me home.

Itazuke tower, this is Air Force 801
I'm turning on the down wind leg
My prop has overrun
My coulant's overheated, the guage says 1-2-1
You better call the crash crew, and get them on the run.

Air Force 801, this is Itazuke tower
I can not call the crash crew
'Cause this is coffee hour
Your not cleared in the pattern
Now that is plain to see
So take it on around again, we have some VIP

Itazuke tower, this is Air Force 801
I'm turning on the down wind leg, I see your biscuit gun
My engine's runnin rough, and the coulant's gonna blow
I'm gonna by a Mustang, so look out down below

Itazuke tower, this is Air Force 801
I'm turning on the final, and runnin' on one lung
I8m gonna land this Mustang, no matter what you say
I gotta get my charts fixed up before that judgement day.

Air Force 801, this is judgement day You're in Pilot's Heven and you are here to stay You just brought a Mustang, and you brought it well The famous Air Force 801 was sent straight down to Hell:

"Romeo" McCrystal

BESIDE A GUINEA WATER FALL

Beside a Guinea water fall, one bright and sunny day,
Boside his shattered Mustang a young pursuiter lay.
His parachute hung from a nearby tree, he was not yet quite dead,
So listen to the very last words the young pursuiter said:
"I'm going to a better land where everything is bright,

Where whiskey flows from telegraph poles, and poker every night;
There's not a single thing to do but sit around and sing,
And all our crews are women - Oh, death, where is thy sting?

"Oh, death, where is thy sting, ting-a-ling, Oh, death, where is thy sting?

"The bells of hell will ring-a-ling-a-ling



BOOZIN BUDDIES

A Fighter Pilot lay dying The Medics had left him for dead All aound him women were crying And these are the words that he said:

Take the tail pipe out of my stomach Take the burner out of my brain Take the turbine out of my kidney And assemble the Unit again

We are the boys who fly high in the sky Bosom buddies while boozin We are the boys they send out to die Bosom buddies while boozin

Down in the hangar they sing and the shout Talkin of things they know nothing about

We are the boys who fly high in the sky Bosom buddies while boozin Bosom buddies while boozin Bosom buddies while boozin



CATALING MACDALENA

I

She had a funny name, but she wasn't to blame She got it from her father just the same same Catalina Magdalena Lubenstiener Wolindiener Hogan Logan Bogan was her name.

II

She had peciliar teeth in her mouth
One pointed North and the pointed South
Catalina Magdalena Lubenstiener Wolindiener Hogan Logan Bogan
was her name.

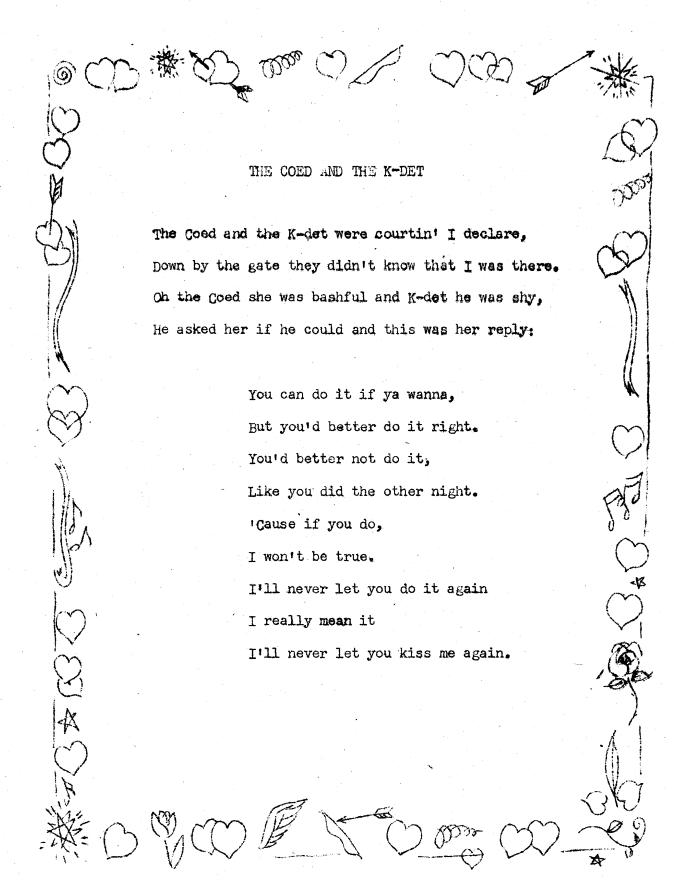
III

Her ears stuck like the soils on about Her Adums apple wobbled up and down her throat Catalina Magdalena Lubenstiener Wolindiener Hogan Logan Bogan was her name.

IA

If rain makes flowers sweet and clean
There ought to be a cloud burst on Magdaleen
Catalina Magdalena Lubenstiener Wolindiener Hogan Logan Bogan
was her name.





THE FIGHTING 68TH

(McNamara's Band)

We're here to tell a story of Squadron 68 Came over from Ashiya to join the Fighting 8th They're sitting here before us Tapping up the brew They don't belong in a Fighter Group But what can Chitty do?

CHORUS: La da da da - What can he do?

La da da da - What can he do?

La da da da - What can he do -oo

Of - they don't belong in a fighter group

But what can Chitty do?

They fly their old nite fighters
They take off after dark
They don't know what they're doing
They're just out for a lark
They never brief, they always beef
Fly strictly on a hunch
Their call should be banana
'Cause they fly in such a bunch.

CHORUS:

You know we also fly at night
Thank God the times are few
We often hear nite fighters saying
"Moonshine is that you?"
"Moonshine this is Feminine
This is Feminine I say
Won't you tell those nasty Shooting Stars
To land - they're in our way!"

CHORUS:

We used to fly the Mustang
Our lives hung on a prop
But now with our new Shooting Stars
Morale is at the top
The pilots who could fly that clunk and live
Were all tee few
So would you kindly tell us
How in hell car you fly two?

Radar & Hammerhead

11/4/

So would How in it

GAS MASK GANG

(Ghost Riders In The Sky)

Old Gas Mask gang went out to fly
One dark and windy day
And as they taxied past I heard old Col Samways say
The 80th is gonna fly I've got a right to sweat
If you think they're bad in Mustangs
You should see them in a jet.

Yipee aye oh, Yipee aye ae Head hunters in the sky

The Flying Fiends and Panthers too Wish they had our prestige They're always trying to hit the blue In some old rusty steed Their colors blue and red will stand But one by one they'll go We have to have them in the Group But what a bunch of schmoes.

CHORUS

They lost their heads and gave us jets
Which they will long regret
They took away our Mustangs and some ain't happy yet
The 80th has learned to fly this new tangled machine
But strictly from hunger are the Panthers and the Fiends.

CHORUS

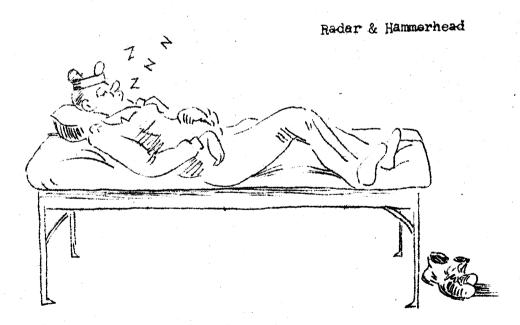
Our Group C.O. is mighty fine and just the other day I saw him walking on the line and this I heard him say If the 35th and 36th would just get on the ball If they were as sharp as the 80th I'd have no sweat at all.

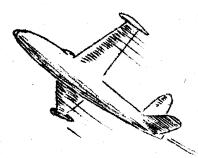
CHORUS

Radar & Hammerhead

THE ITAZUKE OR T (When You Were A Tulip)

When you flew a Mustang, and I flew a Mustang,
In the Itazuke O R T;
Other pilots went to briefing,
We stayed in the sack a sleeping,
Hotter Stones you'll never see;
We were hotter than Tobasco
When Group pulled each fiasco,
We excelled in proficiency:
When you flew a Mustang, and I flew a Mustang,
In the Itazuke O R T.





JET PILOTS IN THE SKY

(Ghost Riders In The Sky)

An old F-80 got airborne one dark and windy day;
And as he raised his landing gear, you could hear the pilot pray.

Keep all those buckets in the wheel and I'll be safe and sound

Don't let that fire go out, dear Lord, 'til I am on the ground.

Yippi I Ya Yippi I Yo-o-o

Jet Pilots in the Sky

And as our 80's leave the ground, their tails are spouting flame,

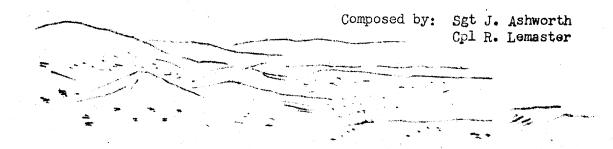
The pilots all may go through Hell, but they fly 'em just the same
The Crew Chiefs work forever to keep them flying high,

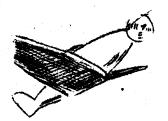
And watch with satisfaction, as their plane goes screaming by,

Yippi I Yo-o-o

Jet Pilots in the Sky

Day and night our pilots fight, to live up to their name
Other pilots come and go, but ours fly on to fame.
They're going to fly forever in that range up there on high;
They cuss and cry, live or die; Jet Pilots in the Sky.
Yippi I Ya Yippi I Yo-o-o
Jet Pilots in the Sky





MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE



Once they were happy, completely at ease They flew their F-80's like a swingin' trapeze They looped 'em they rolled 'em, they bounced DC-3's But alas boys their wings have been clipped.

One day they approached Itazuke Jet leader called echelon right Mustangs at nine o'click level Let's see if 8th Fighter will fight.

The F-80's broke left and the Mustangs broke right I think they see us says Jet four in fright They're all pullin' streamers says Jet number three Let's go home this is no place to be.

But the Mustangs had sighted the boogies They pulled through the top of a loop They dove on the trembling F-80's My God have they scrambled the Grooocop.

The Jets headed home at a hundred percent In fact number four had the throttle stop bent Back to Misawa to Misawa they went Never to bounce any more.

Radar & Hammerhead

A MAN WITHOUT A WOMAN

A man without a woman

Is like a ship without a sail

Is like a boat without a rudder

Is like a kite without a tail

A man without a woman

Is like a wreck upon the sand

But if there's one thing worse in the universe

It's a woman, I said a woman, I mean a woman without a man.

Now you can put a Silver Dollar on the bar room floor
And it will roooll, because it's round
A woman never knows what a good man she's got
Until she turns him down

Now honey listen, my honey listen to me

I want you to understand

As a Silver Dollar goes from hand to hand

So a woman goes from man to man.





MEET ME IN KYOTO (Meet Me in St Louis)



Meet me in Kyoto moto, meet me at the shrine,

Take your shoes off when you enter or you'll pay a fine

We will have some Sukiyaki

Then we will have a cup of Saki if you will

Meet me in Kyoto moto, meet me at the shrine.



You are my Moonshine
My only moonshine - You guide my fighters
When skies are gray
I chase your bogies from here to Moji
Just to find they're gone the other way

The other day boys, As I was flying, I Heard Moonshine Controller say "I've got a bogie down by Kurume, won't you head your jet that - a - way? He said he had me in radar contact, and I believed him like a dope, and still no bogie, he'd chased a fly across the scope

You were my Moonshine
My only Moonshine, How could you let me
down this way - My chute was swingin!
They heard me singin!
Won't you take my Moonshine away.

Both selections by



MY GOD HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN

My Father makes rum in the bathtub,
My Mother makes two kinds of gin,
My Sister makes love for a living,
My God how the money rolls in,

Rolls in, rolls in, My God, how the money rolls in.
Rolls in, rolls in, My God, how the money rolls in.

My Brother's a poor missionary,
He saves little girlies from sin,
He'll save you a blonde for five dollars,
My God, how the money rolls in.

My Father, he died in his bathtub,
My Mother, she died of her gin,
My Sister, she married my Brother,
My God, what a mess I am in.

O'RILEY'S BAR

'Twas a cold winter evening, the guests were all leaving, O'Riley was closing the bar; When he turned and he said to the lady in red, "Get out, you can't stay where you are."

She shed a large tear in her bucket of beer As she thought of the cold night ahead; When a gentleman dapper stepped out of the phone booth And these are the words that he said,

"Her Mother never told her The things a young girl should know, About the ways of Air Force men And how they come and go."

"Age has taken her beauty And fate has left her its scar So remember your Mothers and Sisters, boys, And let her sleep under the bar."



PILOTS LAMENT

(If I had the Wings of an Angel)

Now listen all you pilots and you airmen
We will tell you a story sad but true
Of many who wear wings but are not happy
Gather round and we'll sing this song to you.

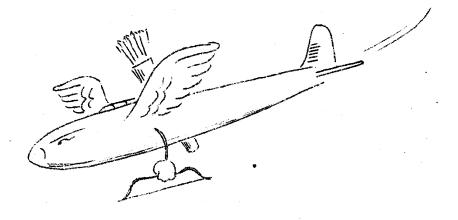
The many who wear wings but are not happy
Wear a smile on their lips, not in their hearts
They're overjoyed to wear the badge of an airman
But are sad in getting off to such bad starts.

A reason there must be for discontentment

Why the gloom as dark as may blacked out loop

Just ask them one and all and they will tell you

I'm not assigned to the 8th Fighter Group.



ROLL YOUR LEG OVER





I

If all little girls were like sheep in the pasture And I was a ram, I'd make 'em run faster

CHORUS

So roll your leg over, Oh roll your leg over Oh roll your leg over the man in the moon

II

If all little girls were like little white rabbits And I was a hare, I'd teach 'em bad habits

III

If all little girls were like little white flowers And I was a bee, I would buzz 'em for hours

IV

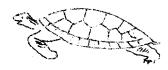
If all little girls were like fish in the oceon And I was a whale, I'd teach 'em the motion

V

If all little girls were like little white chickens And I was a rooster, I'd give 'em the dickens

VI

If all little girls were like little ole turtles And I was a turtle, I'd get in their girdles.



SAFE HAND MAIL (Old '97)

Ι

They gave him his orders at old Itazuke Saying Bill you're way behind time Take this safehand freight in your war weary Mustang And put'er in Nagoya on time.

II

Bill turned and he said to his black greasy crew chief Is my Spam Can ready to roll Just head 'er down the runway and open up the throttle And I'll call Camel Control

III

Now there was one dark cloud between Bofu and Honshu But Bill was a guage pilot hold. It was in this cloud that he spilled his gyrus And his Spam Can did two snap rolls.

-IV

He came roarin out the bottom doin a million miles an hour Old Merlin broke into a scream
He was found in the wreck, with his hand on the throttle Still flyin! the Tokyo Beam.

V

Fare the well, fare thee well
Old Bill broke his Mustang all to hell
There'll be no more Suki-yaki in good old Itazuke
Fare the well, fare thee well



STRAFIN 'ROUND THE MOUNTAIN

(She'll be Comin 'Round The Mountain)

Now listen all you airmen young and old To the tale of fighter pilots young and hold With their fighters painted yellow Leaping off to contact Mellow In the crisp Korean air so cold and blue

It was dive bomb old Sinuiju, stop the Reds Eight one thousand pounders loaded, instant heads Four birds lined up on the runway Wish I'd gone to church on Sunday Hope we catch those loosey Commies in their beds

Twenty thousand over Pyong Yang on Northwest Gas Mask flight about to face the acid test Till at last the Yalu River Which makes my liver quiver With flak guns lined up 24 abreast

Dust clouds roll up from Antung cross the way Twenty swept wing Chinese war birds out to play Thirty sevens, twenty threes All lit up like Christmas trees Tip tanks salvoed off we leap into the fray

Kimpo tower clear the pattern in great haste
Twenty victory rolls our pilots do with grace
It was thrilling, it was hairy
Near that privileged sanctuary
Synghman Rhee will soon be president of this place

Kimpo tower this is Gas Mask Willie 4
I am heading home, I'm through with this damn war
I am flying on to Taegu
Heading 152 to K-2
Cause they're sending back to Moscow for some more.

"Rosie" Rosencrans



TACHIKAWA, YOKOHAMA, ITAZUKE (Hawaiian War Chant)

TACHIKAWA, YOKOHAMA, ITAZUKE,

TACHIKAWA, YOKOHAMA, ITAZUKE,

TACHIKAWA, *** YOKOHAMA *** ITAZUKE IS THE PLACE.

Ah, So, (TACHIKAWA); Ah; So, (YOKOHAMA);

Ah, So, (ITAZUKE); Ah, So, KIMPO!

"Frosen Chosen is the place for you my boy,"

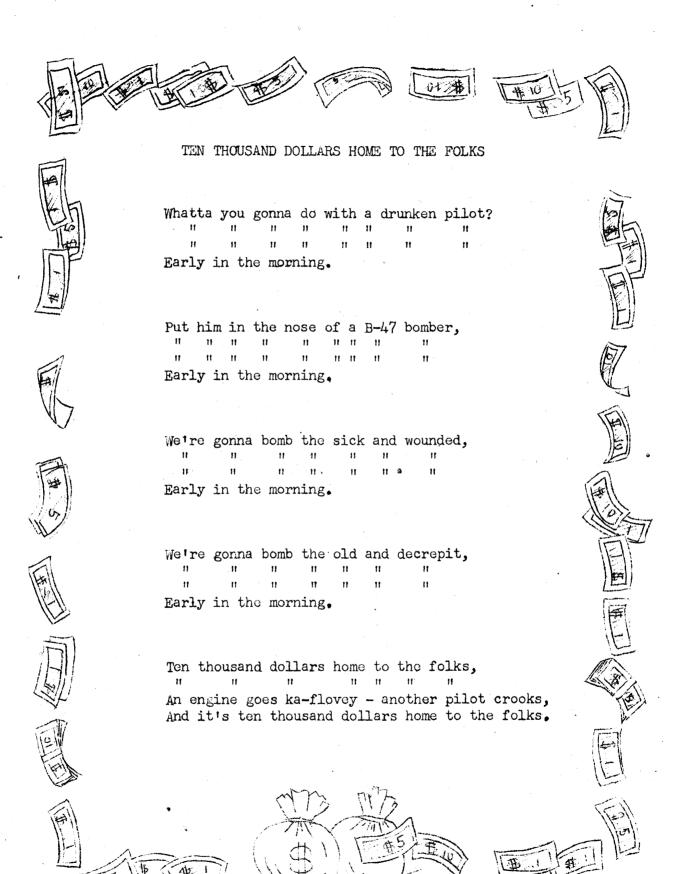
"Frosen Chosen is the place for you my boy,"

"Frosen Chosen, *** Frosen Chosen, *** Frosen Chosen is the place."

Ah, So, (Frozen Chosen); Ah, So, (Frosen Chosen);

Ah, So, (Frozen Chosen); Ah, So, KIMPO!





THAT OLD GANG OF MINE

Not a soul down on the corner

It's a pretty certain sign

Those wedding bells are breaking up

That old gang of mine

All the boys are singing love songs
They forgot sweet Adeline
Those wedding bells are breaking up
That old gang of mine

There goes Jack and there goes Jill

Down to Lover's Lane

Now and Then we meet again

But they all don't seem the same

Gee, I get that lonesome feeling
When I hear those church bells chime
Those wedding bells are breaking up
That old gang of mine.

THROTTLE BENDER

(McNamara's Band)

Ι

My name is Throttle Bender,
I'm the leader of the gang;
I burn up lots of engines,
But I don't give a hang.
To me full bore is normal cruise,
'Cause I don't give a dern,
My boys can never catch me,
They've got a lot to learn.

CHORUS: We are the boys from Itazuke
We are the boys from Itazook
We are the boys from Itazuke
We fly with the 8th Fighter Group.

II

My name is Throttle Bender,
I'm the leader of the Group;
I always cause confusion,
But I don't give a hoot.
I climb too slow, I dive too fast,
I pull excessive G's.
I know my boys are following,
I hear their knocking knees.

III

My name is Throttle Bender, I'm the leader of the Wing; I haven't led a group in years, So I don't know a thing, About the wing formation, boys, That I am going to lead; But I'm the Wing Commander, So there really is no need.

IV

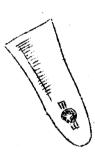
Now if you lead a flight, boys
Or if you lead a Group,
Lend an ear and you will hear,
The latest kind of poop
From Tokeeyo to Sazzmago.
You'll hear the boys all say;
The leader bent the throttle, so
I had it rough today.



TIPTANKS AND TAILPIPES

Fundament. Bless 'em all - Bless 'em all Bless tiptanks and tailpipes and all -Bless old man Lockleed for building this jet But I know a guy who is cussing him yet 'Cause he tried to go over the wall With tiptanks and tailpipes and all. The needles did cross and the wings did come off With tiptanks and tailpipes and all.

Through the wall - through the wall That bloody invisible wall That transonic journey is nothing but rough As bad as a ride on the local base bus So I'm staying away from the wall Subsonic for me and that's all If you're hot you might make it But you'll probably break it -Your butt or your neck not the wall.



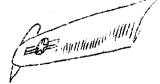
Common ministr.

Radar & Hammerhead

WE' UNS

Oh. There are no fighter pilots down in hell Oh, There are no fighter pilots down in hell The place is full o' queers, Navigators, Bombardiers Oh, There are no fighter pilots down in hell

Oh, There are no fighter pilots up in FEAF Oh, There are no fighter pilots up in FEAF The place is full o' queers, Navigators, Bombardiers Oh, There are no fighter pilots up in FEAF.





WILD AND WOOLEY COWBOY

He's a wild and wooley cowboy from the wild and wooley West He went out to Chicago just to give the West a rest He carried two big six-guns underneath his vest And everywhere he went he gave his war whoop

CHORUS

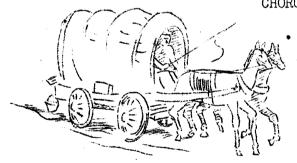
He's just a big-bad bold old desporado From Cripple Creek, way down in Colorado And he rode around like a tornado And everywhere he went he gave his war whoop

He met a little chorus girl who told him where to go He hauled out his big wallet and sported all his dough She said that she was sorry that she told him where to go And said that she would help him give his war whoop

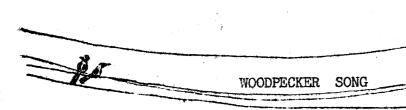
CHORUS

He went to Coney Island just to see the sights He saw the Hoochie Choochie and the girls all dressed in tights He got so dammed excited that he shot out all the lights And everywhere he went he gave his war whoop









And the woodpecker said "God bless my soul"

Take it out, Take it out - Reeeeeeemove it!

Socoocoocoocooco I took my finger out of the woodpecker's hole

And the woodpecker said "God bless my soul"

Put it back, Put it back, Put it back - Receeeeeeeeplace it!

Socoocoocoocooco I put my finger back in the weodpecker's hole

And the woodpecker said "God bless my soul"

Take it out - Put it back - Take it out Reeeeeeeeeverse it!

etc Revolve Rotate, etc

